

Stories of the Tobacco Evil.

See Next Week's War Cry.

WAR



CRY



VOL. XI. No. 36. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1895. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



THE DAWN OF CONVICTION.

In the midst of his selfish pleasure a white Angel from Heaven awakened his conscience, and pointed him to the CROWN OF LIFE, purchased for him on the Cross by his Saviour, which he was losing by his wilful choice of evil.

The Commandant,

Headquarters' Staff, Major Jewer, and
Toronto Salvationists

VICTORIA PARK ON QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Two Witnesses from the British Farm Colony Testify—Two
Good and Solid Meetings Held.

"OUR SOVEREIGN" Lady, Queen Victoria. Any God continue to bless her!
HER 76th birthday was celebrated in a variety of ways by the citizens of Toronto. No small proportion of solid ways thuctured with a strong flavor of the natural man's god, viz.—SELF.

THE ARMY went in for recreation, too. It sought the soft sylvan charms of Victoria Park, situated east of the city, by Lake Ontario's shore, and there, in God's cathedral, its warriors inhaled God's fresh air, while they drank of the living water that flows from the throne of God, viz., Mount Calvary.

TORONTO'S SALVATIONISM, speaking generally, was there. Major Jewer, the P. S. of the Central Ontario Province, was organizer of the day's outing. Headquarters' Staff band appeared in new white tunics, and rendered good musical assistance. The Commandant, fraternal, and merry, then earnest, led on the two gatherings in capital style, while Colonel Holland, always bright and cheery, ably seconded.

TOWARDS THE FOOT of the hill, a stretch of canvas was tacked from tree to tree to form a back wall. Within the enclosure thus made, the soldiers and public seated themselves tier on tier, amphitheatric fashion. A most delightful arrangement for Salvation Army operations. The opportunities and advantages offered us for open-air work this summer-time should be seized by our people throughout the territory. It is a very useful as well as liberal treading in the footsteps of Jesus.

EARLY IN THE AFTERNOON meeting, two comrades, hailing from the English Farm Colony at Hadleigh, were brought to the front by the Commandant. They are both fine, sturdy, healthy-looking men, a good way ahead of the immigrants—one was arriving from across the Atlantic, and Canada (or any other country) may be thankful if she gets such a type of man on her soil through General Booth's Colony Scheme as are these.

"SOLO! SOLO!! SOLO!!!" was the cry as these worthy comrades appeared.

COLONIST No. 1 responded to the call with a verse of that pathetic enquiry:

"I have heard of a Saviour's love, but oh, is it anywhere sold
He laughed and suffered for me?"

Then he said it was the first time he had spoken in Canada—in public. He thanked God and General Booth for ever establishing such a place as the Farm Colony. He didn't know much about Canada's needs, but England needed just such a place. If ever there was a chap hard up, he was that one at the time he met the Army. He was not ashamed to confess it. Sin had brought him down. Three and a-half years ago in London he met the Army. Two years ago he knelt at the postulant-form at Hadleigh Farm Colony and gave God his heart. He was stronger in the faith to-day than ever.

COLONIST No. 2 gave an equally satisfactory account of himself. He was very glad, he said, that ever he



THE STEAM JOINERY WORKS, at the Hadleigh Farm Colony, England.

went to the Farm Colony. At that time he was regularly done up. The first job he got was wheeling bricks, and a nice mess he made of it, but he worked his way up, till finally they advised him to come to Canada. He had left a lot of old friends and found a lot of new ones here. He also was stronger in the faith than ever.

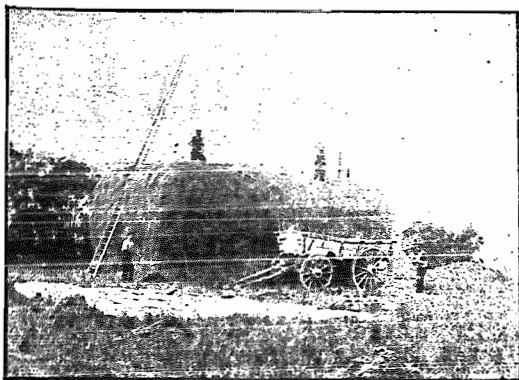
OUR TORONTO people cordially responded to the Commandant's request for a volley for these comrades. We were all interested in seeing the sort of men the English Colony can turn out, and our verdict is, "They'll do." God bless the Social Reform Wing!

up Muschoka being awakened from a drunken sleep by the boom of the Army drum. "Hullo! What's this?" said he to a chum. "Why, don't you know? It's the Salvation Army, and take care they don't get you," was the surprised question—never, and wondering given in reply. Our Liverpoolian must needs go and hear the Army. He stood it alright till a fellow's wife got up and testified directly after her husband. She declared that the truth had been spoken. It was as her husband said, her home and husband were both changed. Our comrade knew there was no hypocrisy about this business. As he puts it, he "got snoot." Soon after, at Palmerston, he changed cars and started for Heaven.

THE COMMANDANT, Brigadier Jacobs, and others, delivered some very earnest words to the people at the close.

THERE WAS a larger number of non-Salvationists present in the evening meeting. Throughout, it was a powerful time, which was also evidenced by the serious attitude of the onlookers, and the way they received the advances of the fishers at the close.

MAJOR JEWER gave a good testimony, and Brigadier Jacobs dwelt forcibly on justice and mercy. "Let my boy off," pleaded a mother with the American States' President. "That cannot be," replied the President. "You know that your boy did the deed." "Yes, I know he did," still pleaded the criminal's mother. "But I came here to sue for mercy, not jus-



STACKING HAY at the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

tie." The guilty had mercy at Heaven's Throne.

SPEAKING of the material versus the spiritual, or true riches: Riches consist not in what you can grasp with your hand, but that satisfying portion which the heart grasps. IT MAY be when the sun of your life shines the brightest, when the sea of life is without a ripple, that your hour may come, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.

SUCH were some of the truths delivered by the Commandant to the visitors to Victoria Park. C.

The Dawn of Conviction.

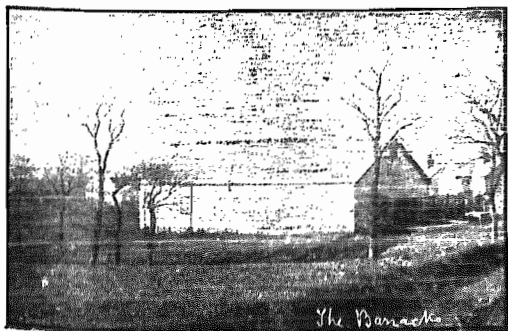
(See frontispiece.)

It is darkness indeed when the soul seeks satisfaction in the sinful amusements of this world. This darkness is gross darkness when the individual never had a ray of light penetrating it to allow the slightest apprehension of the light. The devil does not like the sinner to stop and think. He is ever urging his slaves on from pleasure to pleasure, from sin to sin. Look at the gamblers! The passion for playing has taken possession of every faculty of their mind. Heedless of time, drinking, smoking, cursing, they play on the fascinating game. Each one is bent on winning; it is selfishness asserting itself in the strongest form. Hell is rejoicing over the scene, for there is great joy in the pit over every prodigal.

But Jesus lives! Perhaps a sorrowful mother or a starving wife is at the same moment on her knees beseeching Heaven with her prayers and tears. Yes, Jesus does answer prayer. The prayer of faith is the Divine Order to the Angel of Conviction. Through the darkness of selfish enjoyments breaks a faint glimmer into Jacob's heart. It dawns on him that there is a nobler purpose of life and with that comes a sickening feeling of his sin and shame. Yes, there is a crown for Jack. To win!

How often does conviction seize the sinner and how seldom is it heeded sufficiently?

Turn, sinner, while the Dawn has come! Turn, and your sorrow will be turned to joy. The past, with its defeats and defamations, can be obliterated and the dawn of conviction will be the herald of the glorious day with the sun of righteousness shining upon your life, which will bring forth good fruit and at the end receive the Crown of Eternal Life. SALT.



THE BARRACKS on the British Social Farm, where our comrades got saved.

HELP TO UPLIFT THE FALLEN

BY JOINING

The S. A. S. L.

Terms Moderate.

THE CLASSIC CITY OF STRAFORD on AVON

"We must be gent's, now we are gentlemen."—SHAKESPEARE.



SUPPOSING "THE IMMORTAL WILLIAM" could once more walk the green earth to-day, with what pride the people of Stratford might take him to view their stirring little city! With what astonishment the great thinker would pace the macadamised streets, shadowed now beneath soft foliage masses of maples, elms, and willows! Through every ward he might wander and read the familiar names of his own brain-created characters: "Romeo," "Piercing," "Hamlet," these, and others would stare at him in sliding letters on every side. Nevertheless would fall upon him at the wonders of the onward march of the centuries in our new world like in this unknown continent of the West.



G. T. R. YARDS, Stratford.

All day one hears the pleasant music of tapping hammers and ringing tools, mingled with the steady traffic to and fro from mills and factories, foundries, and workshops. The

Flax, Flour, and Cheese

establishments all tell their story of the country, whilst most interesting is the enterprise of the Honey-locomotive Hedge Company, proposed to supercede in days to come the unsmooth and cumbersome snake-fences that weary the eye once accustomed to the sweet hedgerows of rural England.

THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL was the first frame-house here, built in the woods in 1832; and the fore-runner of the handsome churches was nothing but a little log schoolhouse.

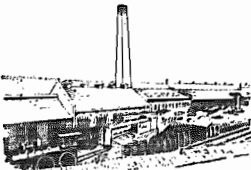


STRAFORD TOWN HALL.

BUT the astonishment of our visitor surely would culminate within the stupendous pile of buildings of the

Grand Trunk Locomotive Works.

The great Repairing Shops, with a weekly out-go of \$15,000; where the smoking monsters run in like stabled iron steeds, to undergo various treatment from the ponderous machinery—engine-worked; with an average employ of from six to eight hundred men, amongst whom we find our congregations, and some of our soldiers (And what, by the way, would the Bard of Avon think of the Salvation Army?)



G.T.R. WORK SHOPS, STRATFORD.

APART from this lending feature of Stratford's industrial life, it is pre-eminently A RAILWAY CITY. One glance at the map will show its favored position, almost equidistant from the three great lakes, the focusing point of a very network of iron road-ways, with their

Spider-Like Ramifications

connecting with the lake-ports, and large centres, and on the main highway to the great North West.

It might be instructive to search into the causes that extend the distinctive spirit of antagonism between master and man from our fair Dominion, but we must content ourselves with the happy fact.

STRAFORD possesses the ELEMENTS OF STABILITY and progressiveness. Whilst in its gradual development it has never rejoiced in a boom, it has neither suffered from a ruinous relapse. It is blessed not only as an agricultural success, but as a manufacturing place also. With a soil spread to none in fertility, it has a market full of the choicest products of the dairy, farm, and garden. The death-rate is said to be lower than in any city of the Dominion.

Our Cathedral in the Classic City.

OPEN-AIR WARFARE is most attractive in this season of luxurious spring-time, with its vivid pictorial teaching of boundless love, when rejoicing creation is "girded with green and clothed with a glory of bud and of blossom," when one stands in awe before the miracle of life.



VICTORIA LAKE AND RIVER AVON.

"WHAT AN IMAGINATION GOD HAS!" one repeats with the great Port-Lauroite, in thankful reverence and delight, enshrined on every hand with the rampant loveliness of leafy green, and snowy bloom.

WHAT WONDER if the Army-loving lads hang back from bestowing themselves within the four walls of our barracks, after working all day, maybe in the closed-up space of the G. T. R. workshops, and the dust of persistent wheels of revolving machinery.

But the outside air is pure, and the evening hush inviting on the broad stretches beneath the shade-trees. Then



CAPT. GRACE MACKENZIE AND HER LIEUTENANT WHEN AT INGERBOLL.

even the frequenters of the close saloon are lured by the drum to lounge along the board-walk and listen to the story of the Cross, the song of a mother's forgotten prayers, or the testimony of the knowledge of a Saviour—mighty to break the most cruel

Sin-Fetters Forged in Hell.

Beautiful, and full of grace and feeling are our open-air pines in Stratford, in spite of a distracting element in the shape of a gentleman in blue.



DOWNIE ST., STRATFORD.

What could a stranger do but open wide eyes in blank incredulity, and wonder indeed, if we were drifting back through time to the dark ages and the Shakespearean period?

But the fact remains that our open-air crowds were hustled about and broken up each night by a constable, or the Chief of Police, who strode to and fro amongst inoffensive listeners, shoving them along off the sidewalk, with a tedious

"Move on - You Can't Block up the Way."

even on a thoroughfare one hundred feet in width.

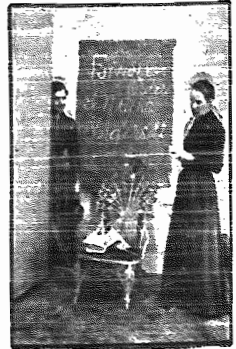
"MOVE ON!" repeats the devil to the whole Salvation Army; and we SHALL move on—move till the eternal principles of God's Almighty Government we shall storm the forts of darkness—bring them down, down, down!

"MOVE ON!" urges the constraining love of Christ within our conscience, as we gaze, pity-stirred, upon hurried eyes that answer ours, and tell of souls still tortured with the lash of remorse unremoved, and fetters unshipped.

Yes, MOVE ON, STRATFORD COMRADES! Your blood-stained banner must never droop. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

"Faithful Job," of Stratford Fame.

"Yes, I've had a good day to-day; every day is good. I've had good days right along ever since I got converted, over ten years ago. I was saved at home. My mother was always a good-living Methodist, at Mitchell, and I had been trained to Sunday-school.



CAPT. MACKENZIE, of Stratford.

"I had been under conviction all one week, and God's Holy Spirit had been striving with me. Then on the Sunday it seemed like a new world, everything was new. I felt new, new feelings.

New Desires.

It was just in springtime, I remember, the trees were budding, and oh, it all seemed so nice! I felt everything belonged to God, and I believed to God. I thought how foolish it was I hadn't found salvation before.

"Since then I've been going right forward, although I am sorry to say I have not done all I should, and I am around here, I have been working with the express in and to between the station during the mail. I first met the Salvation Army there at Mitchell. I heard them on the march singing

Sacred Words to Scorn-Tunes. Well, somehow, I couldn't keep away. Something seemed to say 'Take your piece' and though I've had some trials and hard fighting as a soldier, I've always felt that the Army was nearest to the action and example of Jesus Christ of any people I could find, and I have never gone back on anything God has called me to do in the Army. It was a little



MAIN STREET, STRATFORD.

Foreign News

ENGLAND.

QUEEN'S HALL, LONDON. Two days with God. General very ill but leaving at the front.

FOREIGN SERVICE! Laneside officers being selected by Home Office. **GREAT RESCUE DEMONSTRATION** at Cannon Street Hotel, London. Many influential gentlemen present.

OVER 90 CADETS commissioned at the Grecian Theatre.

MIDNIGHT RESCUE HOME opened at Islington. Mrs. Bramwell Booth led services. Twenty souls.

"EFFORT SERVICE" CAMPAIGN. Commissioner Howard calling for volunteers for gigantic seaside summer campaign.

Naval and Military Demonstration held at Plymouth and Chatham. **RATION ARMY** Supply Club inaugurated.

R. A. BANK in flourishing condition. Services increased in 1894 \$140,000, and working expenses decreased \$2,000.

MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH led 500 Salvationists on midnight march through "The Devil's Mile." At Islington barracks held splendid meeting; 20 souls.

UNITED STATES.

"THANKSGIVING CONGRESS" at New York. Several staff officers promoted. The 500th Auxiliary enlisted. 50th Sioux Officer commissioned.

THE COMMANDER at Newark. Married a couple and promotes two field officers.

STAFF CAPTAIN WINANT appointed Junior Soldier Staff Secretary.

The Commander and Staff visited Stamford, Conn., 71 souls.

JOE THE TYRANT outshone at the meeting and night testified.

STAFF CAPTAIN MILSAP and party on tour through California.

THE PHARISEES on their third season of travel.

GREAT CAMP MEETINGS at Bedford Park, Oakland, Cal.; 70 subjects announced on the program.

INDIA.

WORK started among the Tamils of Ceylon. Staff-Captain Hira Singh and Anant in charge. 2,000,000 Tamils to work among.

LOMB RATNA PALA in Ceylon. Very enthusiastic in pushing the war.

STAFF CAPTAIN CHANAPPO opened three new corps and secured seven candidates.

TWENTY-NINE ARMY SCHOOLS in operation. Will be increased to fifty.

A TENT has been secured for services in the Northwestern Provinces.

AUSTRALIA.

PERSECUTION at Wellington. **EX-CHIAMPO SCULLER** of the world. Mr. Edward "Triket", carried the flag through streets of Echuca, South Australia.

SOCIALISTS at Reichardt attempt to take our open air stand. Police defended us.

SOUTH AFRICA.

COMMISSIONER RIES had powerful revivals in Transvaal and Orange Free State.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN Self-Denial results is \$10,000.

COMMISSIONER RIES very anxious about the neglected Zulul.

OTHER COUNTRIES.

COMMISSIONER OUCHTERLONEY, of Norway, ill.

COLONEL OLLIPHANT touring in Norway of Holland. Some notorious criminals captured at Friedland, the Socialists stronghold.

NEW BUILDING being opened at Helsingfors, Finland.

GENERAL'S VISIT to Norway postponed.

COMMISSIONER RIBSDIE, Sweden, holding marvellous meetings. Two days' campaign captured 280 souls.

GOD ONLY KNOWS what He could do with a few men who cared only for Him.—The General.

THE "WAR CRY" PLATFORM.

The Commandant

The Prophet's Preparation.

I want to call your attention to a verse, which you will find in the third chapter of Exodus. It is the first verse:

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian; and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb."



THE STORY OF THE CALL and commissioning of Moses as the deliverer and apostle of his people is full of instruction. In all ages of the world, God has put Himself at the disposal of His prophets. He has chosen men as the means by which He should make manifest the gracious influences of redeeming love. He brought the Antediluvians by Noah, warned the Sodomites by Lot, preserved the Egyptians by Joseph, and now He was to deliver the Israelites by Moses. So the process has been continued to the present day. The work has never been without its prophets; the ambassadors of the Almighty have ever been with men, and will be to the end of time. Now, consider this particular call of Moses, and you will find in it precisely the circumstances and the conditions under which and upon which God has called forth and baptized all His priests, and will call you.

IN THE PREVIOUS chapter, we read of the disaster that had overtaken the Hebrew nation, who, notwithstanding Joseph's deliverance, were to be trodden under the heel of the Egyptians. They were the most abject of slaves, and we are told that their sighing by reason of their bondage, and their crying on account of their dire distresses, had come up into the ears of God. God had heard their groaning, and remembered His covenant with Abraham. And then we are told beautifully how He looked upon them and had respect unto them, and having designed to do them good, His eyes shined upon them, and He sought to and forth throughout the earth to find a heart and a mind that was upright in His sight.

In the light of this, we see how He had been training Moses for this position. First of all, He had brought him out from the influences of the Egyptian palace, cut him adrift from the blighting curses of affliction, and influence, and splendour; turned those who had been his friends into his foes. Pharaoh, under whose shadow he had grown up, and from whom he might have reasonably expected many emoluments, sought for his blood. Cast adrift from the magnificence of Egyptian palace, dropped and away from a pinnacle of power, every prospect struck at the root, every promise snipped in the bud, every door to earthly fortune closed, deserted by every friend of boyhood and youth, full of fear, and hunted to the bitter end, this man who might have been a prince, found himself a beggar, and fled to the desert for refuge. His first preparation, therefore, was

A Stern Separation.

On the very threshold of his great career, he was given to understand that to carry any means to a friend of Pharaoh and a friend of his people; that he could not be an Egyptian and a Hebrew, that the worship of the Most High God was utterly inconsistent with the friendship of the idolator; and so at the

addresses will be given, but nothing will be admitted but platform talk. The commandant has kindly promised to start off the platform with a series of his own addresses, which he trusts will be found helpful to all who read them.—Ed.

outset of his great career, he earned that testimony which is given to him by the Apostle when he speaks of him as having chosen rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

NOW, MY BROTHER, MY SISTER, if God is to use you as His prophet, He must first have you as His follower, having forsaken all to go after Him. If you would be His prophet, bold, outspoken, and true to the word, His word as His blessing, you must be absolutely unafflicted from those influences which would put limitations upon your liberty.

No Man Can Deliver Others Who is Not Yet Free Himself.

How can you send to that fairness which, as in the case of Moses, carried him through blood, and fire, and tempest, adversity, disappointment, and difficulties innumerable, should there be anything still tying you to selfish consideration or earthly fondness? You will have no prophets unprepared to suffer. He who is to walk before Him in absolute separation. And so we see it once for all, my friend, if you are to be a crusader of this most solemn cause, you must first be separated from all you did your final adieu to treasures, influences, or whatever else holds your hand or your heart. You see, God had been all unconsciously preparing Moses for his great business. The very circumstances, and, therefore so unfortunate, were all tending in the right direction. He was being driven from Pharaoh and Pharaoh's associates that he might be the more free to lead out the people. Now, I don't believe that God makes an exception of Moses. He has a work for every one of us to do. It may be greater or lesser in extent, but never of less importance, for it is His work. He shows the necessities of life, our daily course, the cares that beset us, the afflictions that visit our doors, the sorrows that invade our souls, the bereavements that afflict our hearts. He arranges them all for His great purpose. He is preparing us, leading us out to the Mount of God, crucifying us to make us the saviours of others.

"Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law."

IT WAS A MIGHTY COME DOWN, my friend. In reality, however, it was a step upwards, was that statement which finishes in exaltation. Little is said of this shepherd experience, but isn't it likely it was a period of no mean importance in the life of Moses? The devil must have had many a fling at him in those watchful nights when he found himself a stranger, and all but an hireling. He seemed to be pretty well

Going into Obscurity.

It looked as if the forsaking of Pharaoh was not going to pay. He had given his chance, and what, looking back, now, we know it was not so. Oh, that we could feel the same with ourselves. My friend, my brother, my sister, God's great commission is the making of YOU. There are times in your history when He is far more concerned about you than your work. If He can but prepare, and fit, and qualify you, turn you out of the furnace of affliction, tread, thrust you into the midst of an unbelieving generation with faith's launch you into the sphere of scepticism and half-heartedness, inspired—there will be little difficulty about His accomplishing the rest. Your mission will be right. Half the battle will be won.

"And he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb." IT IS PECULIAR TO NOTE how many of God's great prophets were

Desert-Made Men.

Abraham's great surrender was given in an unknown place, absolutely alone with his offering and his God. Jacob, when "at night" was the lord of Jubah, wrestled with the angel till the break of day ere his name and nature were changed. Joseph, before ascending to the place of deliverer, came to an experience more lonely than that of any desert. Moses, we see here, was fitted for his stupendous task on the bleak hills of Midian. John the Baptist made his dwelling-place the wilderness, and his food the locusts of the wild bee, and so all through Bible history, I know of no single case where great events or deliverances, from the days of Noah to the days of Christ, were not preceded by a series of self-sacrifice and prayer. The desert has many have been the great factors in the Church of God.

"And came to the mountain of God." HOW OFTEN DO SUCH DESERTS to the soul the "Mount of God."

The Mount of God.

You know what was signified by that. It was the spot of all spots which represented to the children of Israel communion of God with man. You know the story of that sacred mount. You remember how around its summit the elements came forth to give their service to the Lord Jehovah, how clouds, and tempest, and thunder and lightning, and heralded these mystic communications between God and His prophet. Sinai stood for the spot where the will of the world. It stands still and a monument of God's willingness to speak to His people, but the conditions under which He speaks are not altered. The desert is still the same to-day as it was then. You know what the desert stands for. It means loneliness, separation, quietness, desolation, a quietness undisturbed by voices, uninterrupted by the rattle and rush of temporal affairs. These you have met. When you are prepared to get them to the back side of your desert, you will then get where God will be able to speak to you with extraordinary significance. Will you ask my friend, seek His face? Will you ask yourself to pray and fasting? Will you ask to become your workings, and bustlings, and contrivances, and learn the secret of getting alone with God? You want a quietness in our camps. Will you prepare your heart as a woodman Jacob to receive it? The mischief with so many of you lies in the fact that you want the prophet's blessing. You will not get it. If God will, you shall see the success of Calvary, how much more essential to your work for God? God help you to go in for it—Amen.

Tune—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness," S. M., 1, 15; "Royal Way of the Cross," B. J., 118, or "Pearly Gates," B. J., 142.

Comrades, dear, don't get discouraged. However hard the fight, just put your trust in Jesus, He'll conquer for the right. Say, this fight is determined To be won by Him determined Who suffered on the cross for me To save me from my sin.

Oh, put your trust in Jesus, Oh, put your trust in Jesus, He'll help you all the way.

My eyes of understanding I pray God open wide, That I may see my sinful self And Christ the other side. Who will help me in the struggle And save my soul and sin, and all; Who gave His life for me To save me from the fall.

This day I give myself to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do; My body, soul and spirit, Oh, search me through and through. And if there be one sin spot, Oh, take it right away, In the blood of Christ my Saviour, This very day.

MRS. A. W. COLLINS, Upper Norwood, London, Eng.

Naval Brigade Tactics.

ENGINEER RUSHBROOK FALLS INTO
LAKE ERIE.

BUFFALO EXPRESS "ON THE JOB"—
POSSESSING THE METHODIST
CHURCH—MORE SOULS WON
FOR GOD.

R. S. William Booth.

MONDAY, 20th May left SIMCOE
at 9 a.m. and drove to

Port Dover.

In the afternoon the CHIEF ENGINEER opened proceedings by taking a deep dive to the bottom of Lake Erie. Whilst crossing a plank near the steam dredge he slipped and fell head first. He was safely pulled out and we hope none the worse for his immersion. Soon after this a photographer took our photos, which are to be inserted in the Buffalo Express.

At night we had a brief march through the town and then took possession of the Methodist church, as no hall had been secured for us by our ADVANCE AGENT. We had a very good time. The boys were much refreshed by having Sunday on terra firma.

THURSDAY, left PT. DOVER at 4.30 a.m., and after a long passage arrived at POINT STANLEY, where a rig was in waiting to drive us to

St. Thomas.

We were ably assisted by STAFF-CAPT. SMEEON, ADJ. MILLER, and LIEUT. GRIFFITHS, who drove down from London to hear the Brigade. They report that we are greatly inferior to the London Band.

WEDNESDAY morning, open air meeting on market. Afternoon, band practice and address by Adjutant. Evening, march and open air. TWO SOULS came to God.

THURSDAY, drove by rig to Port Stanley, and at once started for "IRON D'EAU." Here we landed in small boats kindly lent by the Indians. Rowed ashore and were driven to

Blenheim.

A fair crowd stood and listened to Adj. McGilvray's earnest pleadings for sinners to surrender.

FRIDAY, Queen's Birthday, very warm day, arrived safely at

Leamington.

Huge crowds on wharf, who walked two miles to meet us. Had a brief march and open air address, crowds, large, and a liberal collection. Praise God! Evening crowds huge and offering very good. Found the S. A. Hall far too small to hold the people, so sent the Captain to Mayor, who kindly

Lent us the Town Hall

for \$2, which was well filled. Great meetings, grand music and solos. People all praising God. Stay far too short to do much, and we were just going to get souls when a messenger arrived from our boat saying that we must return as a storm was blowing up and he had no safe place to make fast to. So at once returned and sailed for

Amherstburg

at midnight, and after a good passage arrived at this port at 3 a.m.

SUNDAY, very tired, having been up all night previous, so slept all this day.

SUNDAY, grand work done, three open air meetings, large crowds. Fair offering, but no souls. Population largely composed of Roman Catholics.

Yours with love,

TREVOR LITTLE.

The Queer Yarn of a an Old Salt.

CHAPTER I.

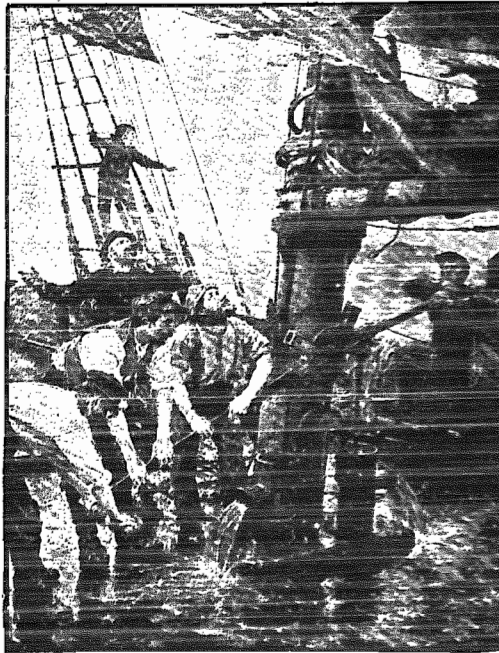


I DIDN'T HITCH UP his trousers in the orthodox fashion of the ancient mariner, and he didn't shift his gird of tobacco, first because he hadn't one to chew, and secondly because if he had he wouldn't have chewed it, for he was saved from his pipe through reading the War Cry.

He folded his tattooed arms and said, "My name is Smith, John—SMITH."

After this exciting assertion, our white-haired comrade launched into his story and steered ahead.

"I RAN AWAY from the coal-trade when I was quite a little feller, because they beat me so, and kept me up all night. I'd got my clothes away by degrees, and my sister she helped me. So I shipped for the West Indies in 1827, and from there to the Mediterranean."



After the

Battle of Waterloo

we brought home the invalid ship with the disabled soldiers. My, they were in a condition—good for nothing! Some of them had no arms, or no eyes, or no legs, and some of them we threw overboard on the way home. Poor fellows!

"I WAS IN CHINA nine months, and in 1831 in the navy, I shipped for the East Indies. I was round the Cape of Good Hope and to Singapore, and such like. An anti-war we went cruising around on the look-out for pirates. We gave chase to one, but when we came up we didn't like the looks of her, so we let her go, for we were afraid they had cholera on board. 'Twas a terrible sickly season."

"I remember how it rained three weeks and more without once stopping. I remember at last the Captain said if he heard anyone else coughing aboard he should give them two dozen lashes with the cat (they used the cat constant then days). Well, I didn't want to get that, so I

went to the doctor to prevent it. But what did he do but bleed me, and laid me up to that extent I got invalided home."

"ALL HANDS TO THE PUMPS."

CHAPTER II.

FROM ENGLAND I went to New Orleans. Then we went out of Philadelphia with a cargo of molasses and fell in with a hurricane off Cape Hatteras, and our ship went down head-first. I thought I was gone that time.

"Another time we were six weeks in a gale of wind, and although the water was warmish it froze hard as it fell. But the ship was scrapped and the cargo got ashore before us and we travelled to land on a spar. We went to a house and knocked, and told them we were eastways. They said they couldn't take us, but if we'd go four or five miles further, we would come to a man who would give a bed and some supper, so we went on and found him, as they told us. But he

wasn't wet. But the Captain, he came along furious, and ordered the lad to be put into irons, and to receive

Two Dozen Lashes

with the cat.

"Well, the poor fellow took the disgrace and all of it to heart so hard—thinking of his mother perhaps—that he couldn't seem to get over it, and soon after, when a man fell overboard, he went after him and got hold of him and saved him. The ship was going twice as fast as it was an hour. But when the boat got up to them, and the man was safe aboard, he shoved off from the boat and drowned himself—committed suicide with a broken heart."

"There was a lot more drinking then. I'd sometimes take a glass to the tavern ashore with the men, but never very much; it seemed as if my mother's prayers followed me round the world wherever I went. I had

Her Testament She Gave Me,

and I kept it with me constantly. "Talk about a mother's love!—there! Before I'd come home I had cried one time, it happened there had been another 'John Smith' aboard another ship that came to port a little before ours. Well, this John Smith the captain had killed him—flogged him to death. Of course it was illegal, and my mother she heard the name and thought it was me. But before she went down to Deftford to see him, I landed and got home. Well, to see her face, when I stepped at that door, and she came!—and—"

THE NEGRO'S LAST LOOK.

CHAPTER IV.

"ABOARD ONE BOAT bound from Russia, I was second mate to a captain who was drunk all the time. His wife was on with him, and oh, he treated her brutal. Once she took the burg out of his lungs and let it run into the sea; but didn't he beat her cruel for it!"

"A POOR BLACK FELLOW he killed him. The man had been sick—too sick to move around, but the captain ordered him to climb up aloft. 'Captain, I say, he ain't able.' So he set to work and flogged him with a beam with a peg in the end—he hammered him up terrible. Then he told me to take and lash him to a ring on the boat, where the waves would break over him. It was bitter cold, and

The Waves Froze

as they fell.

"I wasn't going to do it, and I said so. I never was scared of the captain, and he knew it. It wasn't my watch, so I went below to write my log."

"When I went up again, the chief mate was beating the poor sick negro worse than ever. 'Captain,' I says, 'that man's been beaten enough.' I took him away down to the cook-house where it was warm. His eyes seemed burning out of his head as I got off his wet shirt."

"He turned and gave one look at me, and then he died—right there on my lap HE DIED!"

"But I shall never forget that look."

"CAPTAIN GAVE ORDERS next day to me to serve the men a glass of grog round, and call all hands, and we'll commit the body to the deep," says he. But I stuck to it there ought to be

A Coroner's Inquest

first. Although if I'd been scared of him, he would have treated me the same. However, he read the service for the burial of the dead. Then they started to go, but what did I see but the rope behind me, and if I hadn't jumped quick, I should have gone over with the body, too, for he'd almost got me twisted by the heels that time! And to think the captain read the service with murder in his heart!

buoyant salt water, I went over-
came, and struck on a sand-reef, whilst the sea broke over us in only nineteen feet of water."

A SHARK'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

CHAPTER V.

"I had another close shave off New-
bay, and the sail swung round and took my hat off overboard. My knife

\$5, or \$2, or \$1

TO JOIN

The S. A. S. L.

was in it, too, and I didn't want to join it, so as it floated quietly in the board to fetch it. Suddenly I heard "After that we'll be in with a hurri-
a shout, 'Bear a hand; shark below!' Well, if I didn't swear up that rope sharp, hand-over-hand. There it was with its rows of teeth, just ready to make a mouthful of me. I dreamt of that shark for months, and I feel we've got to be just as much on the

Watch out for the Devil

now. I squirmed up that rope pretty nimbly—ho-ho-ho! so I did.

"That scared me, and I got another shock, too, in 1840, when a mate of mine wanted me to go ashore to the play in Constantinople, drinking wine and such. 'No,' says I, 'I'll not go.' Jowansmover, he went, and he would go without a guide, and the end of it was he got lost at night, and the wolf-dogs—they swarmed the streets of the city in packs at that time—they sprang upon him and killed him, and ate him all down to his boots.

"We want a Guide just the same to-day, it seems to me."

"I'VE SIGHTED THE GOLDEN GATES."

CHAPTER VI.

"I SETTLED DOWN HERE, about four miles from Stratford, and there was a young man he used to fetch me in a War Cry. Well, I read it and read it, and it came to me I ought to leave off my tobacco pipe, and a bit, I thought I'd walk in to the Salvation Army Barracks, so I went. There was a stool near the door as you went in, and I set myself down on it like a pilgrim. Soon I shifted from that to a cane-bottomed chair further in. Well, if I didn't sit on pins and needles all that meeting-travelling while the officers talked!—At last I could stand it no longer. I jumped to my feet and shouted, 'I've served the devil sixty odd years, and it's his time

I Got a New Mastor.

Then they couldn't clear the pentitent-form for me quick enough. I wanted no coining—I was bound to get there. "MAJOR GLOVER was there that day. 'You'll not march,' he said; 'you're too old!' but I grabbed my hat and was off like a cricket.

"On Monday, I went to work in the orchard again. I couldn't sleep on Saturday night for thinking of going to the fair. I thought of my pious Methodist mother, and how I'd carried her testament everywhere with me, and I realized the truthfulness and righteousness of it all. I remembered how she had prayed for me many and many a time. (That's eight years ago, and I'm eighty-three now.)

"Then one day out in the country it seemed to come to me, 'YOUR SIN ARE ALL FORGIVEN!'

"I was so happy I didn't know what to do with myself. It seemed like a great thanksgiving morning. And I feel that God is with me. I'm ready to go any hour of the day or night as I'm travelling alone."

K.

Sword-thrusts

FROM OUR CHIEFS.

BETTER BE AN idiot with faith than a philosopher without. —The General.

Faith in VICTORY is an indispensable condition to successful warfare of any kind. —Mrs. General Booth.

THE VICTORIES in the field are only to be won by those who have won the victory at the cross. —Mrs. Ballington Booth.

THIS LAUGH and elate religion seems so superficial. We want something deeper. Mine, my Sister, of religion became one with some real sacrifice in it, I feel that need more real. —Mrs. Herbert Booth.

WE MUST HAVE more variety in our plans, in principles ever the same, in measures never the same. —Chief of Staff.

DO YOU KNOW the meaning of that word "forever"? If you do you will be able to form some estimate of the value of your neighbor's soul, and some idea of how much you should suffer for it. —The Commandant.

Local Officers of St. John H. Corps, Newfoundland.



Capt. Fynn, Sergt. Newhook, Sergt. Walters, Sergt. Howell, Secy. Pike, Lieut. Mccr. Feig', Sarge, Sergt. Evans, Sergt. Collier, Sergt. Nyarke.

I am more than thankful to God that I am in His service. One time in my life my chief delight was in doing that which is wrong and sinful, but praise God the scene is changed, and to-day my whole life is given up to God and the salvation of the lost. —Sergt. Jones.

I thank God I am saved and happy and on my way to glory. —Sergt. Howell.

I am glad I love Jesus with all my heart. I mean to go on to extend His kingdom. —Sergt. B. Sparks.

I am saved and happy and going to lick the devil. —Secy. Pike.

"TO THE PUMPS!"

BY MAJOR J. READ.

"The very air seems to bristle with good news about the financial part of this great war. Some of the human pumps are pumping at a great rate, and they manage to pump up some monetary aid.

The most startling and during victory I have to record to-day is the fact (and a hard fact it is) that Captain Pugh, the worthy Captain P. A., has succeeded in enlisting no less than seven new Auxiliary members, all living at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Before going any further, we are introducing these gentlemen, and give them a welcome into our reserve ranks. G. P. Boer, Esq.; R. C. Giff, Esq.; Rev. W. Hamilton; James Patton, Esq.; W. A. Weeks, Esq.; L. E. Brown, Esq.; and J. Macdonald. Give their respective numbers are 232, 231, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239.

Now, ye other P. A.'s, depend upon it, Pugh will get ahead of ye yet. Then if no two chases a thousand, why, the two will put—ah, I must go no further! Reader, draw your own conclusion. Success to the End! Several of the local agents of the L. B. in the Eastern Province are excited and merry business.

Captain Ross is busy in the Central getting new agents, and raising general interest. The following are the names of some of the newest L. B. A's, Sisters Smith, Brokenbridge of Fennell Falls, and Sisters Alfred, Erie, Wexford, Wetherby, of Rossmore. I have received a few cheering replies to my letter to the Local Agents, and if I am to take their contents as a sample, they are doing well all round.

Newfoundland is rather quiet on "Light Brigade" lines, but wait till Major Sharp gets his men and organizes him, and thoroughly organizes his troops. Then we shall see something done. Lots of events could be raised, even in Newfoundland, for do I not know the beautiful generosity of these dear folks?

Captain Seabell reports bright prospects in the West Ontario Province.

Jesus saves me above public opinion. —Sergt. Walters.

My life is hid with Christ in God. —Sergt. Evans.

I thank God for six years of victory through the blood of the Lamb. I love God more than ever, although the devil has lots of methods to get me back but the Lord keeps me. —Sergt. Newhook.

I am very thankful to God that after years in the service I feel more like going ahead than ever before. My life, which was blighted with sin, has been changed, and I am living daily to the glory of God. —Wm. Collier, Sergt-Major.

His cry is, "Send more boxes," and this is a healthy sign. Could some person send him along a good bicycle? It would greatly assist him, and save travelling expenses. Send it to London, Salvation Citadel. Will all Local Agents of the W. O. P. rally round the Captain and lift up his hands?

And the yacht "William Booth." The Naval Brigade are having glorious times. A tough fight at Wexford, a grand victory at Simcoe, with no less than 20 at the Cross. The 10 fishes of Lake Erie benefited somewhat by their sea-sickness, especially in the neighborhood of Port Dover. However, it is grand to know that the boys of the Brigade fight desperately for souls. This is glorious. We are expecting this special pump to pump quite a stream of financial aid into the exchequer trough. Now, Adjutant McMillan, "to the pumps!"

Captain Bailey, the North West P. A., actually reports that one lady's box contained \$8.50. It was full up, delightful! Now, Captain, could you not enrol some Auxiliaries?

Captain Barr, the worthy Advance Agent of the yacht, is meeting with success. He ploughs the ground and opens the way for the gallant Naval Brigade. God will reward him.

Sorry to learn that Adjutant Marge is so much run down. The Lord lay His healing hand upon him!

Says the Commandant: "We cannot too much push the boxes," and I believe him. His very soul is in this scheme, and we must push it. REMEMBER, 20,000 BOXES CREDITED THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION WILL FETCH \$20,000. IF 25 CENTS IS DROPPED IN EACH QUARTER.

Field Officers, don't forget to stick on the posters in connection with the visit of the Commandant. Mrs. Booth or the Naval Brigade in very prominent places all round your town. This is all important. Then use great discretion in scattering the doggers.

Then what about the "Light Brigade in the great North West? Really, something must be done here. Heaps of people would be glad to get a box, and we shall have to appoint some suitable person to look after the

interest of Lazarus in this land of plenty.

Dear old William Cateford, of Holmerville, Ont., is evidently the oldest Auxiliary on our roll. He writes this note at the foot of his Renewal Blank: "I suppose I am your oldest subscriber. I am in my eighty-fourth year."

Now, then, Auxiliaries, now then, Provincial and Local Agents of the G. B. M. scheme. Excelsior!

Great Field Day at Kingston

MAY 24th.

Major Morris in Charge—Big Crowds.

A Day of Reception—Beautiful Meetings, Etc., etc.

The night previous to the 21th, everyone seemed anxious to decorate and adorn their different dwellings and business houses in preparation for the coming day's pleasure which pleasure they seemingly were going to lavish upon themselves, regardless of cost. Thank God, although the devil seemed to be having it all his own way, there was a corner attraction—that of the Salvation Army band playing up and down the streets, and trying to attract attention to that which was divine. We watched them, and our eyes filled with tears in gratitude, and a feeling of extreme thankfulness to the One Who had put it into the hearts of the few blood-washed to make the most even of this occasion to attract sinners to the Mercy-Seat.

To say the least, this day could be pronounced a unique success, as far as the Salvation Army was concerned. When over 600 people could be attracted out of the city's altitudes and get to a spot away from all this to spend a day pleasing to God. It will at once be understood that God has helped the Salvation Army to keep its good influence upon the people of this city.

The first latch went out to the grounds at 10 a.m. It was a regular pack in, but we landed in safety. Cars kept coming all day laden with living freight.

We were all got together on the side of a hill at about 2 p.m. In the afternoon, as it was preferable to be in the tents. The Major sang, we all fixed up in good time, and led us forth into a real soul-stirring and reviving time. Visiting officers and soldiers spoke. Did the Rev. soldiers speak? Did the Rev. soldiers speak? The latter praised God for an organization which on such days as this could keep its people together, away from the fascinations of the world. Mrs. Morris read and gave us some good words of counsel. We had some beautiful string music from the bands. The Major talked at length and was listened to eagerly till he closed this happy and very profitable gathering.

We all had to get home of course, and in so doing many amusing incidents could be told. Suffice it to say there were always two car loads for a car, and in the event of an individual being unfortunate as to have a lot of baggage, sad, oh, sad, was his plight. The different positions a person had to stand or sit in were original in the extreme. The Major commissioned a sergeant to help him through, and when he finally greeted him at the right end of the road, he had to congratulate him truly on his immense success.

Musical tornado at night went off without a hitch. Visiting officers spoke. The Major got things on the brain. We all got blessed, and one poor drunk cried to be paid for money. Gory be to tied for such a good day!

Do You Particularly Love the Outcast?

THEN JOIN

—The S. A. S. L.

Artist capable of good and rapid sketching, required on staff for Salvation Army publications. Must be a Salvationist. Apply with specimen work to Colonel Brenner, 98, 100, 102 Clerkewell Road, London.

